the Queen ... only a favored ... land may have ... of Remedies—Dr. ... Queen known ... It promises to ... of weakness ...

DR. WILLIAMS'
PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

... supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and Watery Blood, or from Vitiated Humors in the Blood, and also invigorate and Build up the Blood and System, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a Specific Action on the Sexual System of both men and women, restoring Lost Vigor and correcting all Irregularities and Suppressions.

EVERY MAN who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these Pills. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all suppressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these Pills. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These Pills will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U.S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

[illegible] AGAIN. ... all the agents ... Talmage on ... production of the celebrated ... 600 pages ... & Co., 60 Yonge St., Toronto

MOTHERS
and see that you get
Dawson's Chocolate Creams
The Great Worm Remedy.
... druggists, 25 cents a box.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
J. DOAN & SON.
For Circular Address,
No. [illegible] Northcote Ave., Toronto.

TEACHERS! TEACHERS! TEACHERS! Employment ... you no doubt are looking for ... "a pointer." Write ... first class and fast ... recommended.
WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto, Ontario.

FINELY
DECORATED TINWARE
MACDONALD MANUFACTURING CO'Y,
21 King Street East, Toronto.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS
NOTICE ... of imitations. ... AUTOGRAPH ... LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN
Best in America.
... Buggy. They have ... not in any ...

J. RATTRAY & CO.
... TOBACCONISTS,
MONTREAL,
... Domestic Cigars
... and Hero Brands
... continual use

SAVINGS ... Can ... thousands. Pro... upwards—to ... conservative ... safe ... MINING Real Estate, ... Columbia, Washington ... Class investments ... West Kootenay ... American, ... Western ... B.C. and ... Address, W. H. ... Toronto

FITS
... BOTTLE ... remedy is ... perfectly ... used in ...
EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS
CURED
186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

MONEY MONEY
LONDON AND CANADIAN
LOAN AND AGENCY CO., LTD.
... Toronto.
$5,000,000.
... improved farms, at ... terms of repay... RATES. MUNI...
F. KIRK, Manager.
... Ont. & Manitoba

[illegible]PTION SURELY CURED.
Positive remedy for ... have been per... FREE to any of ... Post Office Address. ... Toronto, Ont.

Contains a large percentage of the flour of Oatmeal.
It makes and keeps Lady's hands soft and smooth.
It cures eczema and all diseases of the skin.
Be Sure You Get the Genuine.
Albert Toilet Soap Company.

PEERLESS OIL
HAS NO EQUAL
... for wagons and gearings.
... is a remarkable remedy for all kinds ... cattle, cures cracked and hard hoofs, etc.

LYNDON OF HIGH CLIFFE.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY.

By C. Despard, Author of "When the Tide Was High," "The Artist and the Man," "Into a Larger Room," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE COLONEL HAS A PLAN.

How Colonel Lyndon passed the weeks that intervened between his departure from Scotland and a certain morning late in December when we meet him again, it would be difficult for any one—difficult even for himself—to have told.

Before his visit to Lady Flora he had, as we shall remember, been the prey of a feeling which to him was both novel and disagreeable. He was like one in a new world—a world which has no particular claim on him, and no post in it that he can fill better than any one else.

With his visit to Scotland much of this painful feeling passed away. He found that domestic life has pleasures of its own, and that one may live wisely and well without the ceaseless activity of body and mind that had marked his former life.

Then arose the dream, whose course we have endeavoured to trace—the dream of a new happiness and a new service—which made him for a few weeks as happy as a boy. That dream, as we know, vanished swiftly.

When the colonel returned to his chambers in Piccadilly, and took up, or tried to take up, his life again, he found himself where he had been before—a stranger in a strange country—a man with no aim in life, with nothing to arouse his hopes or employ his energies, and for a time a feeling of extreme listlessness came over him.

It was due partly, no doubt, to the change from the bracing air of the moors in August to the thickness of the London streets. It startled the colonel to find himself unable to wake at his usual hour in the morning, tired after a short walk, and shrinking from any extraordinary exertion. Sternly he took himself to task. Was he, after all he had seen and done, nothing better than a weakling that a disappointment should change him so? Could he not live alone; the path to use and service being closed to him, were there not others? Some one surely [illegible] in the world [illegible] need of him. In giving way to this unworthy depression, he was dishonouring his God, and depriving his fellows of the good he might do them.

He ran down to High Cliffe and stayed there for a time. The good old rector, who had known him from his boyhood, had fallen into ill-health and was troubled by not being able to do what he had done in the parish. The colonel put himself at his disposition, and tried to enter into his ideas, but he did not understand the ways of the clergy. There were things he done, he believed with the best intentions which he could not agree. After several weeks spent in an honest effort to understand the working of the parish, he told the rector that it would be better for them both that they should call in professional aid.

"I will gladly pay for a curate," he said; "he will help you better than I can. I suppose," he added, with a smile, for the rector looked distressed, "I am still too much of a soldier for this kind of work."

"There is not discipline enough amongst us for you," said the rector.

"Perhaps it is that. Anyway, this is not my vocation. I must try London again."

In London, Colonel Lyndon spent the months of November and December.

He had recovered from his first depression, and he found various ways of employing his superfluous leisure, money, and energy. But, in spite of everything, the days went by somewhat wearily. He was not miserable, but he was not happy. To a man accustomed to lay out his days with military precision, to know exactly what his duties are, and to take up each one as it comes with enthusiasm, it is perplexing to have to look out for suitable tasks, and the colonel felt it so.

There were some bright points in that winter in London. One was a most unexpected meeting with Veronica Browne. She was staying with her uncle, Alexander Smith, and one evening when the colonel was dining at his house, he found her in the drawing-room. This was the first of several meetings. Both of them enjoyed talking over their Scotch experiences. Veronica, who was in full correspondence with Janet Mackenzie, could give the colonel the latest news about his friends. She knew that it was on their account, not her own, that he liked to meet her; but the did not vex her, as it might have done formerly. He, on his side, felt how different she was. She puzzled him a little, and he could not help watching her sometimes and wondering if the change he saw, or fancied he saw, in her manner and bearing was due to his imagination or had any basis in reality. So much softer and gentler she seemed, with a new thoughtfulness in her expression not flashing out the last clever speech that came into her brain, but sitting often silent, waiting for others to speak.

One day the colonel asked Veronica's uncle if he thought she was quite well, adding that she had never been the same since her [illegible] confirmed him in his belief that some change had really come over her.

"She has never been the same since her visit to Scotland," Mr. Smith said; "my wife says it is her illness there—the sprained ankle, you know; but I think there is something more in it."

So the colonel thought, and a very curious theory began to shape itself in his mind. It bettered the mental, that meant that she was in love. The colonel could imagine no other trouble to a girl in Veronica's position. It might be intellectual, of course; he had heard of people fretting themselves into their graves over Positivism and the Darwinian theory, but he did not think she was a woman of that type.

But if Veronica's trouble dated from her visit to Scotland and it it was a love-trouble, whom could it be about but Percy Winstanley? She had refused him, indeed; but that the colonel believed meant nothing. More frequently than not, if report spoke truly, girls said "No" when they wished to say "Yes." But if this were so, and if Percy and his mother were still of the same mind the colonel was certain of the faithfulness of Lady Flora, but he was rather inclined to doubt her son—might not matters be set right? He became quite animated as he thought it all over.

He had, indeed, [illegible] another idea. Percy Winstanley's [illegible] exclamation on the night when he [illegible] him her little lecture—"Have you found out that she is lovely, exquisitely lovely?" rang often in his ears, and he had interpreted it after his own fashion; but what more likely than that he had been wrong?

That evening the colonel wrote a letter to Percy, which he flattered himself, was highly diplomatic.

"I am established in London for the winter," he wrote. "There are not many attractions now; but, as you remarked when you were here in the summer, 'London is London,' that is to say, one of the most wonderful places in the world. Winter is worse in the North, and I see, from the papers, that your weather is none of the best. What do you say to a trip south? I could put you up, and it would enliven me to have you here for a little. By-the-by, there is an attraction. With the natural perversity of her sex, Miss Browne clings to this gloomy old town. She is now staying with her uncle, Mr. Smith, whom I meet constantly. Neither of us think her looking as well as she did in Scotland. If you could manage to bottle up some of the mountain air and bring it over with you, it might do her good. She still speaks with enthusiasm of Castle Ettrick. I do ditto. I ought to be flattered by the way in which she seeks me out when we meet in society. But I am aware that I shine with a borrowed lustre, and do not crow over my less favoured rivals."

This was the substance of the colonel's letter.

He sent it off on an evening in December; the next morning something happened which made him sorry he had acted so soon. He was sitting at a late breakfast by gas light, for there was a thick fog outside, when his letters were brought in. One was in Lady Flora's handwriting. "How strange!" he said, "when I have just been thinking of them."

He read it first, and the rest of his letters, I fear, ran a poor chance of being read that morning. When we have seen the contents of Lady Flora's letter, we shall judge of the effect it would have upon Colonel Lyndon's mind.

"My Dear Friend,—I am in great trouble and perplexity, and I come to you to help me. You confessed to me, some months ago, that you took a very strong interest in my poor little governess, Letty Morrison. Pardon me for referring to this. For reasons of your own—wise reasons, I can well believe—you made up your mind not to speak to her. I feel sure, however, knowing you as I do, that you continue to feel a warm and a deep regard for her.

"What will you say when I tell you that she has left me? At the moment that I write she is in London, with my cousin by marriage, Mrs. Morton. She left me of her own free will, and with my approval and consent. I must—I must—tell you the whole story, though it goes to my heart even to seem to speak against my son. You know what he is—how full of emotion, how impulsive when he takes an idea into his head, and how incapable of counting consequences. I can speak to you, therefore, much more easily than I could to any other.

"He is in love again—or he fancies himself in love—and with—Letty! Imagine what this means for me! Do not think I would say a word against her. She is the most charming little creature in the world. Though innocently imprudent now and then, she has acted from the best of motives, and her behaviour at the last was admirable. Whether she is in love with him or not, I have no means of knowing. I hope not; but Percy, as you know, is peculiarly fascinating, and he has been more delightful than usual of late. Letty found out his feelings, and would not even let him speak. She came to me, poor child! and begged with tears to be sent away at once. It has almost broken my heart to part with her, and as for Milly, I scarcely know what to do with her. But I acted for the best, and I hope to have her back some day.

"Will you do me the great kindness of seeing her, and trying to find out what can be done for her? I believe she has more confidence in you than in any one else. When I said she might perhaps meet you in London, she said she hoped she would, and her face brightened in the most extraordinary way.

"If you can suggest anything, will you let me know? Anything that money and friendship can do shall be done. I am too much distracted to write more to-day. Do not, I beg of you, judge me harshly. If Letty had even a small independent fortune, I might be willing that Percy should think of her. As it is—you must see it is impossible.

"Yours ever,

"Flora Winstanley."

Three times over the colonel read this letter. Then he drew his writing-desk in front of him, and wrote a brief answer. His pulses were throbbing curiously, and all his heart seemed on fire; but he had tried to write calmly:

"Thank you, my kind, good friend."—these were his words—"you were right to trust me. I have a plan, and, if you love her as you say, everything may come right. I wrote to ask Percy to come here, but keep him at Ettrick if you can. I will see Miss Morrison, make some business arrangements, and then, most probably, run up to Scotland for two or three days. Please understand, in the meantime, that I take as much interest in the young people as if they belonged to myself. They do, in a certain sense. I will write again to-morrow.

"Yours gratefully,

"Andrew Lyndon."

Another letter he dashed off before he got up from the table. It was addressed to the solicitor and land-agent who managed the High Cliffe estates. This letter was still briefer.

"I wish to sell High Cliffe. Please make all needful arrangements. Advertise it at once and largely. This is final. I am thinking of leaving England for an indefinite time. Possibly I shall never return."

It was very strange. The hope which had begun to re-blossom in his heart, and proved as illusory as his former hopes had been. It had gone absolutely; gone never to return; not only so, but it was meditating the very greatest of possible changes, the giving up of his childhood's home, of his country, of the new life that he had once thought might be dear to him. And yet the colonel was happy. Since the day when he was called upon by his mother to give up his military career and return home, he had never been so completely, so serenely joyous as he was on that dingy morning in December, when, with the joyous feelings of a lover who is certain of a kind reception, he prepared for a visit to Lady Flora Winstanley's cousin.

When he found himself outside, under the glimmer of the lamps that feebly illuminated Piccadilly, he looked around for a florist's shop. There was one not far from his chambers. He went in, and bought a button-hole bouquet for himself, and a basket of flowers, about whose arrangement he was very fastidious, for some one else.

A pale faced girl served him. She was not a particularly good girl, and she had troubles of her own—dark troubles some of them—into which it would not be well to enter here, but she knew what was good when she met it, and the colonel's pleasant face, and gentle, courteous manner, touched her to the heart.

"I wish you joy, sir," she said, in a low voice, when, with a kind smile and bow, he turned away from the counter.

"Thank you," he answered courteously; and then—for there was something in the girl's face and manner that moved him—he stopped to shake her by the hand, and express his appreciation of the trouble she had taken over his basket of flowers.

"He is going to be married; he is certainly going to be married," said the girl to herself, as, with a deep sigh, she looked after him. "I wonder if she loves him as he loves her!"

A tear—the first she had shed for many a long day—fell over the flowers she was arranging.

"Most likely not," she thought; "it's the way of the world. But there are some women who would *die* for a man like that."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Smuggling.

The dullness of the average conscience in respect to smuggling is a matter that has long attracted the attention of those accustomed to distinguish between the moral quality of actions. Many persons who are strictly honest in their dealings with their neighbors and who would feel greatly distressed if they had wronged one out of a dollar, will without any apparent compunction, if the opportunity presents itself, defraud the Government, which means the people collectively, of the duty that may be imposed upon any article they may wish to import. It is not easy to account for this peculiar feature, unless it be that in the one case the person wronged can be held up before the mind as an individual, while in the other case the wrong is done to so great a number, and each person suffers so slightly, by it that it seems to the wrong-doer to be no offence at all. The reasoning though specious is very fallacious, for if there be any difference in the gravity of the offence the greatest wrong is that which affects the greatest number. Just now our neighbors are complaining that many Canadian traders along the northwest boundary are smuggling goods across the border into the United States. It is claimed that owing to the smallness of the customs service thousands of bushels of potatoes are rushed into the United States without paying duty. The inducement to smuggle potatoes is great as they bring good price in the States. It is a considerable loss to the government, however, since the tariff on potatoes is 25 cents a bushel. This conduct on the part of our fellow citizens is greatly to be regretted though it is difficult to discover any method to effectually prevent it. Those who have respect for law and for the rights of others ought to frown upon the practice so as to disturb at least the consciences of those who practice the dishonesty. Good neighborhood requires that we shall do no less.

Great Exploring Expedition in Australia.

The important expedition equipped by the liberality of Sir Thomas Elder, G.C.M.G., for the thorough exploration of the remaining blanks on the map of Australia, was fully organized at the end of last month, and ready to start from Adelaide. The leader of the expedition is the well-known Australian explorer, Mr. David Lindsay. The other members are also favourably known in their various departments. Forty-four camels, with their Afghan drivers, four in number, and a native guide also form part of the expedition. It is stated in the "Proceedings" of the Royal Geographical Society that the areas to be explored lie nearly all to the west of the overland telegraph line. The first reached will be that lying between the tracks of Gosse, Forest, and Giles, and is said to be a tract some 1300 miles in length by about 350 miles in width; the next is a strip lying between the northern track of Giles and Colonel Warburton's route, roughly estimated to be 900 miles in length and 200 in width; a third blank lies in the northern territory, to the east of the country explored by Warburton in 1873, Gregory in 1856, and Forest in 1879, a district of some 400 miles by 300 miles, lying between the overland telegraph line and the Victoria River. The return journey will be to the east of the overland telegraph.

MORE INDIAN WARFARE.

The Locomotive Whistle More Effective Than a Force of Soldiers.

J. C. Morehouse, general freight agent for Chicago and Northwestern lines west of Omaha, is known throughout the West as the "champion Indian killer." Mr. Morehouse is proud of the distinguished title, but is rather reticent about relating the circumstance that made him somewhat famous.

When the first steam engine to enter northwestern Nebraska made its appearance in that part of the country, Morehouse was in charge of the construction gang which was then working on the road. The engine steamed out into the wild country as far as the line was built. That section of the State was alive with Indians and thousands of the savages gathered to see the iron horse. At first they would not venture nearer than a half-mile to the locomotive, but finally they became bolder. They came so near, in fact, that the trainmen became alarmed. Several shots were fired at the red men to frighten them, but they did not have the desired effect, for the Indians came nearer and nearer. The engineer and firemen became frightened and deserted the engine.

"Those red devils will kill every one of us if something is not done!" said one of the men. Just then Morehouse, who was watching the advancing savages, called out to the engineer:

"Give them the whistle."

But the engineer had disappeared, and there was no response. Morehouse didn't wait long before acting. He leaped into the cab, grasped the whistle handle and pulled it wide open. Such an unearthly shriek as no one ever heard before or since came from that engine. The whistle evidently had the asthma, heaves, and several other lung and throat diseases, for it made a noise that frightened the white men.

Did it frighten the Indians? Well, I should say it did. When that whistle opened its throat a panic was the result among the savages. They fled as if the evil spirit was pursuing them. There was plenty of steam in the boiler, a good fire was burning, and Morehouse hung on to that whistle handle like grim death. At first he sent forth long shrieks, but after the savages had been sent flying across the plain some distance he gave them a few shrill, short screams to increase their pace.

"The air is so light in Nebraska, or rather was at that time, that the sounds of the whistle travelled for miles. Not only did consternation break out among the savages who were near the engine, but others a mile away became alarmed. When they saw their brothers running they, too, became frightened and joined in the wild run up and down hills, across plains, and through rivers. Morehouse was the occasion of all that excitement, and that is why he is called the 'champion Indian killer.'"

"But where does the Indian killing come in?" Mr Lidingham was asked.

"Well, the next morning 100 dead Indians were found fifteen miles from the place where the engine stood. They had run themselves to death, and Morehouse, of course, was the cause of their untimely taking off. He can be blamed for frightening the savages to death with that blood curdling whistle."

A PRISON FOR WOMEN IN VENICE.

How 250 Female Criminals Are Managed by a Few Sisters of Charity.

In an English magazine the Rev. Alex. Robertson publishes an account of a prison for women in Venice, which he recently visited, and about which hardly anything has ever been written. It stands on the flowery and healthy Guideca Island, which is separated from the rest of the city of Venice by a broad arm of the lagoon. The visitor was taken by a lay Sister to the prison matron, who has been in the service for thirty-five years, and who said that eighteen Sisters managed the whole establishment, keeping in order, teaching, and maintaining at daily labor 250 female criminals, a large proportion of whom had been guilty of infanticide. The matron conducted the visitor over the establishment, and explained its management. In the early morning the prisoners go to the recreation court, to get the fresh air, after which they attend religious service and then take breakfast. They are largely employed at lace work and in making scarfs, shawls, and dresses, in which they display great skill, and for which they are paid a small daily wage. Most of the prisoners were young, the ages varying from 17 to 25, and all of them looked well, and took an interest in their work. The workshops, or schoolrooms, as they are called, are big, clean, and airy. In one of them some of the prisoners were working embroidery; in another some were knitting or doing coarse sewing; in another some were winding silk for the lace makers or weaving cloth for the inmates' garments. The kitchen opens into a court, beyond which is a garden. The matron, pointing to the head cook, said: "She is imprisoned for life for the murder of her husband."

The whole of the 250 criminals take their meals together in a large pillared hall. The breakfast is of coffee, with bread and meat; the dinner of soup and bread, with wine for the hard workers, and the supper of vegetables, fruit, bread, and cheese. On Sundays and *festas* all are allowed meat and wine. The dormitories are large and well ventilated, and the beds clean and comfortable. In the hospital wards patients are tenderly nursed. There are six solitary cells for obstreperous prisoners, but they are hardly ever used.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson says that those who leave this Venetian prison do so, as a rule, improved in their whole being, to lead afterward lives of honesty and usefulness. In the prison they have received instruction, have been taught a trade, and have been brought under moral influences.

From the standpoint of economy, the administration of this prison is excellent. Each prisoner costs the Government only about 20 cents per day. It is managed entirely by a few women Sisters of charity.

Scotia's Sons Care for Their Dead.

An unusually interesting ceremony took place in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto, on Saturday afternoon last before about two thousand people. It was the dedication of a cairn or monument on a plot set apart for the burial of Scotchmen and women who die in poverty. All the city Scotch societies were represented, the officers of the St. Andrew's Society, by whom the monument was initiated, taking the leading part. After prayer and praise Dr. Daniel Clark, president of St. Andrew's society, delivered the following earnest and practical address, the spirit of which is commended to all our readers:

Fellow countrymen, we are assembled here to-day to dedicate this burial plot to receive the bodies of the friendless and indigent Scottish dead. We are also gathered together to formally unveil this monument erected by the St. Andrew's Society of Toronto as stones of remembrance, where the ashes of our countrymen and countrywomen will rest in peace. For this beautiful and unique cairn on this commanding and sunny knoll, the St. Andrew's Society is indebted to the Caledonian Society, the Sons of Scotland, and the Gaelic Society, of this city, for liberal donations towards its erection and for hearty co-operation with us in the work. These societies claim no particular credit in contributing to the fund for payment of the ground and monument, as they feel it was a privilege to have the opportunity to give expression to their charity for so worthy an object. They were conscious of the truth of the old Latin adage that "he giveth twice who giveth quickly." So there is no debt upon this property, indeed there is a surplus. The $2,200 have met all liabilities, and the residue will not only keep the plot in good order in perpetuity, but will still further ornament the ground. Indeed, so sensitive were we on this point, that one of the conditions of dedication was that we must have no debt on the day of our gathering. You will perceive that St. Andrew's Society is engraven on the tablet adorning the face of the cairn. On the shaft is also seen on four sides the St. Andrew's cross. This possession is simply because St. Andrew's Society took the initiative in the purchase of the ground and in the erection of the cairn, and that this society has its existence solely for charitable purposes. It was meet then that we should hold the property in trust for the benefit of all all our poor of whatever kind or condition. You are to be congratulated on the completion of the work. It is not a lavish expenditure, but it is a needed and spontaneous manifestation of good will and Christian charity not simply to the living but to the dead, to those who saw first the light of day and drew in the vital air in the land we all love so well, and to which we turn with fond recollection. It is Christian endeavour exemplified in a practical form. Dogma has its place in speculative thought; creeds are necessary to formulate religious beliefs; theological dissertations are important in showing the modes of human thought in relation to God and man, but none of these are religion. The central idea of Christianity is God-like work. "That charity, that suffereth long and is kind." "Pure and undefiled religion is to visit the fatherless and the widow," as well as "to keep ourselves unspotted from the world." The positive injunction of comfort to the needy is put first. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It is in the doing that character is determined, and not merely in the belief. All charitable societies feel the force of this Divine text applied to the individual, and nowhere but in Christendom is this seen in its highest manifestation. This city is crowded with endowed charities which exclude nearly all classes of the afflicted, from the infant to the aged, and from the helplessly incapable to the childish dement. This grand exhibition of charitable intent is duplicated wherever the pitying religion of the Christ holds sway over the lives and consciences of mankind. Sinner as well as saint is often permeated with this spirit of beneficence. Simply by juxtaposition to its prevailing influence this ground and this erection are in a humble way an outcome of this spirit of Godlike benevolence, and dare it be said with national pride, that in this respect the Scottish people are pre-eminent, according to their means. They are industrious; they are frugal, and their envious enemies say they are parsimonious, yet when their per capita wealth is taken into consideration, no nation excels them in contributions to religious and charitable purposes. The one hand gathers with prudence, but the other strews with discreet prodigality. The pennies may be well looked after in the earning, but the pounds are usually dispensed—not in foolish extravagance, but in canny and needful charity. Church and charnal house, homeless, houseless, and hapless are always objects of their care and solitude. Those of our countrymen and countrywomen whose bodies may be interred here, will have no costly pageantry nor mourners following to this last resting-place. The rule will be the solitary conveyance and friendless committment to the grave, except it may be the kindly presence of some member of one of our Scottish societies. At best, the burial here must of necessity be lonely and attended by few. While this is true, it is a comfort to us, and will be to distant relatives and friends, to realize and to know that though such may have no useless trapping nor costly cavalcades at last, yet the most beautiful and sunny spot has been selected in the cemetery for the last resting-place of these Scottish dead. The desire of the dying to have their bodies laid in the homes of their fathers is as old as our race, Patriarchs and prophets, wise men and warriors, saint and savage, Ethiopian and European, Chinaman and Congo-man, have each a fatherland for which they yearn when the inevitable hour comes in which they must pass down "into the valley of the shadow of death." The warm-hearted and impetuous son of Erin longs for the shamrock-covered green sod of Ireland. The Englishman knows of no place to lay his bones equal to rose-covered Albion. The Frenchman would love to close his eyes in death where luxuriates the *fleur de lis*. When the hour of his departure comes, the Scot on his sick bed dreams of misty hills, purple moors, wimplin burnies, basky dells, gowany lees, and the auld kirk with its quiet kirk-yard in which rest the ashes of generation after generation of his forefathers. It is an instinct of our nature to thus linger in fond contemplation on the land of our nativity, and wish to die and be buried there. The person who has this feeling crushed out in the toil and drudgery of every day life has destroyed in him one of the noblest threads in the warp and woof of his being. How the Jewish exile wailed in home-sickness for a Jerusalem in ruins, while he was in bondage by Biel's historic stream! How the ostracised son and daughters of Zion to-day long for a built-up city in Palestine to be again glorious and the joy of the whole earth! Those financially able go there to die. The Moslem's heart would leap with joy were he permitted to die in Mecca, which to him is the nearest earthly offset to Paradise, and to which daily in prayer, he turns his longing eyes. Next to these worthy and natural aspirations is the hope that we may avoid a pauper's grave in the forsaken corner of some God's acre, away from home and kindred. If our mortal remains must lie far away from our native land, then let there be kindred ashes with ashes, kindred dust to dust, in some such sunny spot as this upon which we are now assembled. This spot is for the homeless dead of our people, but which are not always friendless. I have noticed flowers upon the few graves we see near where we stand. Some loving hand had put them over the mounds in which repose the forms of those who, in life, were objects of affection, and, it may be, intensest love. Were it not for your generosity, as far as I know, every one of these ten bodies, as well as the hundred for which there is room, and will be for a century to come, would have been buried four and five together in a common grave in a weed-covered corner of this city of the dead. Not so is it made of this, but reverentially on this beautiful June day we formally set apart this sleep spot and this select cairn, as a burial ground and monument for the needy Scottish dead. We devoutly say, "Peace to their ashes."

A European Zollverein.

The formation of the European zollverein has increased both the activity and the hopes of the Imperial Federationists. On the 17th inst. a deputation consisting of members of the Imperial Federation League, headed by Lord Brassey, waited upon Lord Salisbury in order to urge him to convoke a conference of the self-governing British colonies to consider the question of partaking in the privileges and responsibilities of the united empire. Lord Salisbury, in replying, said that he was in entire sympathy with the object the deputation had in view. The question, he added, was nothing more nor less than the future of the British Empire. Lord Salisbury agreed with the deputation as to the expediency of an early maturing of the deliberations. The operation of external causes and impulses, he said, had created a feeling of unrest in Canada and Australia which might not improperly be called an unwillingness to acquiesce in the present state of things. Continuing, Lord Salisbury remarked that a large proportion of the foreign negotiations and difficulties arose entirely from the colonial connections of the Empire. The government, the Premier added, had to exercise great vigilance in order to see that it did not incur dangers which had not arisen from its own interests, but from the interests of the important communities with which it was linked. After indicating the difficulties which the government would have to contend with in order to make a united empire similar to the United States, which Lord Salisbury described as a zollverein or kreigsverein, he concluded with the statement that he could not summon a conference of colonial statesmen until a definite scheme of imperial federation had been prepared. Speaking further a few days later the premier of the empire said that members of the league must work hard to convert their countrymen to the league's way of thinking, for it was impossible for England to give preferential treatment to the colonies at the expense of the rest of the world. They must ascertain how far the country would support the policy of which he imagined a prominent feature was a preferential tax on grain, wool and meat. Englishmen, in his opinion, would never consent to legislation of a vague or indefinite kind, especially when their dearest daily interests were concerned. The league was satisfied with Lord Salisbury's reply to the delegates, and will organize a fair trade campaign throughout Great Britain.

England and Portugal.

The treaty which has just been concluded between England and Portugal, whose disputes concerning their African possessions have occupied so large a share of public attention during the past few months, provides that goods in transit through Portuguese territory between the east coast and the British sphere shall not for twenty-five years be subjected to a duty above 3 per cent.; that England shall have the option within five years of claiming freedom of transit on the payment of a sum capitalizing the annual duties for the remainder of the period at the rate of £30,000 yearly; and that the Zambesi and Shire rivers shall be open to free navigation by all nations. Moreover it provides absolute freedom of passage to all merchandise between the British sphere in Pungwe bay. Touching the question of boundaries England concedes to Portugal a solid block of 30,000 square miles of South African territory north of the Zambesi, and keeps for herself a small strip of Maricaland. Whether the mother country has the best of the bargain remains to be seen. It is worth noting, however, that the territory contains valuable gold fields in which miners are now at work, and that the territory which Portugal receives is so low and unhealthy that no Europeans, not even the Portuguese themselves, can endure the climate. It is not unlikely therefore, that a square mile of the gold region may prove to be worth as much as fifty thousand where there is none.

SIR JOHN'S INFANCY.

His First Oratorical Effort—Emigration of the Family to Canada.

Mr. E. B. Biggar, who is about publishing a most complete and comprehensive life of Sir John Macdonald, has kindly placed in the hands of the *Star* some of his advanced sheets, from which the following is taken:

Of his (Sir John's) infancy there is little that can be gathered at the present moment worthy of note. He had a brother William, born some years before and a little more than a year before John Alexander came into the world, a sister, Margaret, was born. The last named was destined to become the wife of Professor Williamson of Queen's University, Kingston. Later another brother and sister were born, but this brother, a beautiful little child, died at the age of six, shortly after the emmigration of the family to Canada, and little Johnny was left to be his mother's only boy. He was noted for having a bright eye, a lively manner and a head of curly brown hair, which darkened into black as he grew up. His political or, at least, his speech-making career began at Glasgow at the early age of four. One day, while some relations with their children were visiting the house, the little ones were locked up in a room to make a day of it. Among the performances of the day was a

MAIDEN SPEECH BY JOHNNY,

which had the effect of bringing down the house in an unexpected way. The child had mounted a table and begun to make a speech. What he lacked in language he made up in vehemence of gesticulation, but in the midst of the peroration he was performing with his arms and legs a noise was heard outside, and in the alarm he whirled himself off the table and struck his forehead upon a chair. The incident "brought down the house" in considerable alarm, and Johnny was found to have received a severe cut, a slight scar from which he bore to his dying day. One of the witnesses of this performance was a little aunt, who being only ten years his senior, was soon to be intimately associated with him, and was to carry him in her arms about the deck of the vessel that brought him to Canada.

Moved by reports of the success of friends and fellow countrymen in Canada, and disappointed in his career at home, the lad's father decided at length in 1820 to emigrate to the great western continent, where he would have opportunities of becoming a successful merchant or a land owner on a scale he could never dream of becoming at home, and still live under the British flag. So at length, about the first week in April, 1820, Hugh Macdonald, with his wife and family, including his old mother, then seventy-five years of age, and some of his wife's relations, gathered their belongings together and boarded the

SHIP "EARL OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE."

We had almost said the good ship—she had been good when she sailed to the East Indies, but now she was utterly unseaworthy, and the following year, while bringing out to Canada a cargo of six hundred immigrants, she went down with all on board. The present voyage she was to complete safely—though not without accident—and never did this old East Indian bring to the marts of England in all her sailings freight like that she took up the Gulf of St. Lawrence on this voyage; for among her passengers was a child who was to be in one sense the builder of a nation,—a people whose full stature no man yet may outlive. These poor but strong minded and strong-limbed immigrants probably little conceived then how deeply they were to impress their national characteristics upon the young Canadian nation. The better class of Highland Scotchmen having set the example of emigration in times past it was followed in these years by the poorest who could get away, and various means were adopted to help each other off. One plan was to start a subscription paper in a district and collect money enough to send out a quota of friends, who might afterwards from their new home assist those left behind. Instead of going to the populous Lowland ports, where, at times, owing to the state of public opinion, there were

DIFFICULTIES THROWN IN THEIR WAY,

they would engage a vessel which would be quietly brought into the solitary bays or arms of the sea which here presented their waters almost everywhere close to the doors of the cottages, and having taken the passengers aboard, sail quietly away. Having arrived on the other side of the ocean, as quietly and unobserved did they land their invaluable freight, "a seeding broadcast the seed of a noble race over immense and fruitful lands." In some cases men contributed part of their wages or income till a fund was gathered to send a party out, and when enough was thus raised they would cast lots as to which of the number should go. Of such were many of the three hundred on board the "Earl of Buckinghamshire." His friend, Mr. Munro, the elder, had come down to Bonar Bridge to say good-bye to Hugh Macdonald, and so impressed were the children with the parting from friends and crossing the ocean that when John A. Macdonald and John Munro met thirty-nine years afterwards in the city of Quebec they were both able to call to mind the parting at Bonar Bridge. And so while Thomas Pringle and his party were making an equally memorable voyage to found their Scotch settlements in the Cape Colony, these hardy Highlanders were sailing to Canada, some of them to make an enduring name upon the pages of its history. Indeed, the pure-minded poet of South Africa had

ALREADY FRIENDS IN CANADA

and some were, perhaps, on this very ship, for it is to these he refers in his elegy, written afterwards on a tombstone at Dryburgh Abbey:

"Over many lands his venturous race
Are scattered widely; some are in the grave;
Some still survive in Britain; ocean's [illegible]
Hath wafted many to far western wo[illegible]
Laved by Ohio's and Ontario's floods;
Another band beneath the southern sk[illegible]
Have built their homes where Kaffir m[illegible]ins rise,
And taught wild Mancayana's willow [illegible]
The simple strains of Scottish Cheviot [illegible]."

About the middle of May the "Earl of Buckinghamshire" was sailing up the Gulf of St. Lawrence when a boat was sighted, the master of which proved to be a French Canadian, who came on board and announced himself as a pilot. The ship was given into his hands, but at night, while the passengers, after a pleasant day of viewing the grand mountains of the north shore, were dancing away the time on deck, the pilot ran the vessel aground on a sand bank. The passengers were in terror, but little Johnny Macdonald slept peacefully on in a cabin below. Here the old ship lay, pounded by the waves for hours, several vessels passing the while and taking no notice of their signals, till at last a brig from Dublin came along and helped her off the sand bank. At length, without further accident, on the 20th May, the party landed at Quebec.

A Storm On The Rideau.

The north wind howls across the lake,
And darkness clouds the face of all;
The deep-toned waves, with thunders shake
The rocky shores and gentle banks.
Like demons dark with evil hearts,
The clouds fly, lowering o'er the sky;
The moon, unawed anon reveals
Her silvery light, then quick departs.
Low, eldritch mutterings from the gloom,
Pursue the whistling, eager winds,
And seems to add to nature's doom
Another link in Horror's chain.
Fast, fast the storm is gathering now,
A Stygian darkness robs the night;
The whitening surf like coiling snakes,
Enfolds the shore in dreadful might.
From far off hills the winged winds,
Are reinforced from nature's vaults,
And, hurling 'gainst the dismal night
They shriek their vengeance and their might.

But lo! the peaceful morn is near,
The smiling moon her radiance shows,
And, sighing like a fretful child
The waves recede and quell my fear.

The morning sunlight thrusts the night
A' down the moving sl[illegible]pe of time
The breeze, now tender drifts the light
A' though the whispering boughs of pine.

B. Kelly.

Rideau Lakes, June 11th., '91

A recent despatch from Paris, France, announces that the French wine-growers are greatly elated over the experiments with the American vine in combating the deadly phylloxera. Many remedies have been tried against this pest during the last fifteen years—immersion of the infected vineyards, sprinkling with bi-sulphate of carbon, etc.,—but nothing succeeded until the foreign vine was introduced. For the exotic the destroyer appears to have no liking. Besides enjoying this immunity the American plant is said to thrive well on French soil and to produce a grape that is eminently satisfactory. That this discovery will prove of very great value to France goes without saying. By the people of this continent, however, the question of French wines, is not one of so great concern as it was a quarter of a century ago or before California took to growing the vine so extensively. It was only thirty years ago that the first attempt was made at wine-growing on the Pacific slope. Last year the California product was over 30,000,000 gallons while only about 5,000,000 gallons were imported.

INTO THE POLAR NIGHT.

Lieutenant Peary's Wife an Enthusiastic Member of His Exploring Expedition to Greenland.

She Will Enjoy "Roughing It."

Columns has been written on the North Greenland expedition which goes out under the auspices of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and is commanded by Civil Engineer R. E. Peary. Mr. Peary's plan is an entirely new one, which he fixed upon after his reconnoissance of the Greenland ice in 1886. He means to reach the northern terminus of Greenland by way of the inland ice instead of following the coast line, which has been the way of all other expeditions thus far. His experience taught him that the interior ice plateau is a smooth surface over which he can advance as fast as he can travel on snowshoes. Whale Sound, the center of an Arctic region noted for its abundance of animal life, has been selected by him as his headquarters on account of its accessibility and the facilities it offers for an exploring party to be self-supporting.

The Dundee steam whalers pass within a short distance of it every year on their whaling voyage to Lancaster Sound, and no steam vessel has ever failed in its effort to reach that locality. Hans Hendrick, the Esquimau who accompanied Drs. Kane and Hayes, and who is now living in Godthavn, Greenland, has told Mr. Peary that the waters of Whale Sound are the great seal hunting grounds of the Arctic Highlanders who inhabit that region.

Though the expedition will be absent about sixteen months the time covered by the sledge journey for attaining the main object of the expedition, the northern terminus of Greenland, will probably not exceed three months of next spring and early summer; the remainder of the time will be spent in the vicinity of Whale Sound collecting scientific material.

If it were possible to reach Whale Sound so that the journey over the inland ice could be commenced early in May the expedition would not have to be absent more than one season. Some of the details of the expedition by a woman who will accompany it may be of interest.

WOMEN AS EXPLORERS.

A woman as a member of an Arctic expedition seems at first blush something of an anomaly, and yet well informed persons will perceive that it may not seem preposterous under favoring conditions. Women have in more than one instance shown themselves possessed of qualities which carried them successfully through privations and hardships in the exploration of regions more infested with dangers and annoyances than the Arctics. Lady Baker and Mrs. Holub are but two among several women who have passed, not months, but years in the unknown interior of Africa.

In the Arctic regions, in more than one instance, the wife of an English whaling captain has wintered in her husband's vessel in Arctic waters. On the west coast of Greenland, from Cape Farewell to Upernavik, are stationed Danish officers with their wives and families, living year after year in comfort and contentment, their chief hardship being their isolation. They have their schools and churches, and young lady governesses go out from Denmark to educate and bring up the children of the superior officers.

After careful consideration it was decided that the writer should accompany the North Greenland expedition of 1892. Most of our lady readers will possibly exclaim in one breath, as have most of my girl friends, "What on earth can induce you to sacrifice yourself in this way, and what are you going to wear?"

My answers to the first have been:—It is no sacrifice. A natural inclination to outdoor life and the gratification of woman's natural prerogative, curiosity, an interest in the work not difficult to understand; and deepened by the work of devising and supervising the making of many special articles of apparel, and the pleasure of knowing that I am helping my husband in the work to which he devotes himself.

Then, too, why should I not go? I am strong and healthy, considered a good walker, and enjoy "roughing it." There are no real dangers, only discomforts. In the tropics there are fevers, wild animals, venomous reptiles and poisonous insects, while in the Arctic regions we have none of these; cold is the only discomfort which we shall have to endure.

Here my friends may exclaim, "Don't you call starving real danger? What more real do you want?"

Yes, but there isn't the slightest danger of our doing either. As for "starving," if you could see the boxes and boxes and barrels and barrels of provisions that are being stowed aboard the Kite for us, you might think we were going to Greenland for a three years' feast.

NO END OF DELICACIES

Besides the regular provisions, including evaporated vegetables of all kinds, condensed soups and evaporated fruits, there are boxes of extra nice canned fruits for birthdays, Christmas and other holidays. We have some cans of plum pudding for Christmas and Thanksgiving and many other nice things, even candy and nuts.

Since Mr. Peary's trip to Greenland in 1886 he has made a very careful study of the provisions and equipment necessary to keep an exploring party comfortable. During his sojourn in that country he said there were just two things he wanted and did not have—one was a corkscrew, the other a spade. They head the list this time.

The question of clothing for the entire party, particularly for those making the long sledge journey next spring, has been one of much consultation of Arctic books, of ransacking stores for materials, of constructing patterns and making experimental suits in woollen goods. The evolution of a suit which, it is believed, after some possible modifications suggested by the short sledge journeys which the members of the party will undertake this season, will combine the elements of strength, warmth and lightness.

My own costumes are not direct from Worth, and yet I think they will create more excitement among the ladies of Whale Sound than the handsomest Parisian costume ever did among our ladies.

The summer tramping or skier running suit consists of a heavy woollen, double-breasted combination suit, long sleeves and high neck. Over this is worn its duplicate, made of red blanketing. Then over this a timiak or loose coat, made of red blanketing, reaching just below the knee and forming a short skirt. This has no opening except at the neck, and is put on in the same way that the boys put on their sweaters. A hood is sewed to the neck, which fits closely about the face, leaving only the eyes, nose and lips to be seen. This hood is edged with fur, as are the sleeves, making airtight joints.

WHAT HER OCCUPATIONS WILL BE.

Well, what are you going to do with yourself in that horribly lonesome place? is another quest on I am being continually asked. During the summer, you know, it will be light all the time, the sun never going below the horizon. I shall spend my time out of doors as much as possible. I shall botanize, sketch, take photographs of all the curious and pretty scenes and expect to do considerable gunning. There are quantities of loons, eider-ducks, ptarmigan and various kinds of sea birds. Then, too, there will be a daily romp with my two jet black Newfoundland dogs, which were brought direct from St. Johns, N. F., for me by Captain Pike, and I will practise snowshoeing and skier running.

During the three months when we will have continuous night I shall keep myself busy mounting my botanical specimens, reading and looking after such things as belong to woman's department. Besides, we take with us many games, including chess, checkers, dominos, parchesi, backgammon and cards. We will also have occasional musicales, each member of the party playing a different musical instrument. We propose to be a jolly party.

In addition to Mr. Peary's exploring party there will be gentlemen from the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences on board who will see us safely established at our headquarters and then return, stopping at places of interest along the Greenland shore. They will reach New York about the middle of September.

The Imperial government was beaten last week on an amendment to its factory bill. Mr. Sydney Buxton, a Liberal, moved that children under eleven years of age should be prohibited from working in factories. This was carried by 202 to 186. The next day the government announced that it accepted the amendment. A motion was then made to limit the age of the children to 14. This was voted down. It is stated that even the eleven-year-old limitation affects 150,000 children. Parliament could well have split the difference and made the limit twelve instead of eleven.

BLIND DEATH.

A Hunter's Adventure.

We were hunting among the Black Hills soon after the first rush of homesteaders and speculators in that direction, and one day I left camp on my own hook and wandered away for three or four miles. As I stood resting beside a tree a deer broke cover in front of me and only [illegible] shot away. It was a fine buck, and he walked into the open as cool and unconcerned as if no one had ever thirsted for his life.

I ought to have dropped him dead at that distance, but he fell at my fire to get up and limp away, and knowing him to be mortally wounded I followed on after. The ground was very rough and covered with cedar thickets, and being a [illegible] excited I pushed ahead as fast as possible and paid little heed to what was under foot. All of a sudden I found myself falling, and as I went down I dropped my gun, which [illegible] the branches. I went down [illegible] twelve feet over rocks, struck on my feet and then plunged forward and brought up beside a big detached rock with a smash [illegible] enough to have killed one outright. I [illegible] broke two ribs and terribly bruised my hip, and fainted dead away with the pain.

When I came to I was lying on my right side, facing the [illegible] rocks over which I had fallen, and I realized at once that I was badly hurt. [illegible] how badly I hesitated to find out, remembering that I was miles from camp and could expect no help. I lay quiet hoping the pain would sooner go away, when I got such a shock as nearly put my wits to sleep again. Almost in front of me and only about [illegible] feet away was the mouth of a den in the face of the cliff, and out of this den stalked the largest panther I had ever seen. He [illegible] sniffing the air and looking full at me, and when I realized how helpless I was [illegible] a call for aid, things turned dark and I almost lost consciousness.

The wind was blowing pretty freely, and, luckily for me, it blew towards me. At first this was not of the first importance to my mind, as the beast could reach me with one spring and I had reason to conclude that he was a [illegible] animal. He turned to the left and [illegible] along over the ground a distance of about fifty feet. Then he wheeled and passed [illegible] about the same distance. [illegible] had gone over his beat two or three times [illegible] discovered what was the matter. As he [illegible] towards me the sun shone full [illegible] and I saw that he was stone blind. There was a white film over each eye, and he could not have seen a tree in his path.

A blind panther out for exercise—blind death trotting along in [illegible] of a man so helpless that he could not have made his voice heard twenty feet away.

You have seen the beast confined in a cage—his limbs [illegible] teeth broken and his savage [illegible] down by imprisonment and the sight of humanity until he will scarcely stir at the [illegible] thrust in to stir him up. [illegible] was lithe, supple, vigilant—a combination of strength and fierceness not possessed [illegible] by the tiger. Disease or accident had blinded him, but he possessed every other power Nature gives to the dreaded beast. [illegible] taught him the lay of the ground [illegible] may have passed over it a thousand times.

Just so far to the east.
Just so far to the west.
A large stone [illegible] to the right
A large tree [illegible] to the left.
Down by a ledge [illegible] wheel about; coast to where the [illegible] and then wheel again.

Grace—litheness—strength—death! The lower jaw is down and I have a fine view of the fangs which could rend the hide of a horse. At every [illegible] the terrible claws clutch and [illegible] which would sink to the bone [illegible] a man's leg and then strip the quivering flesh off in bloody fragments.

There is a curious fascination in watching the beast as he takes his promenade. I forget my pains as I [illegible] his blindness. Had he been possessed of his sight while vision—aye, could he [illegible] so little, he would spring upon me, [illegible] those long yellow fangs into my throat, and in thirty seconds all would be over. But he is blind. He cannot discover my presence if I remain quiet.

Heaven save me!

A shift of the wind, which here circles and eddies about, has [illegible] the scent. He stops midway in his promenade, rears up and sniffs the air [illegible] savage growl, and my heart beats so that he [illegible] as it he must surely hear it and follow the sound until his hot breath is [illegible].

Sniff! Sniff! [illegible] the right to the left—straight [illegible] there! He's [illegible] wind eddies about, and now [illegible] still and utters a continued growl as he waits to catch it again. [illegible] statue. His long tail sweeps the ground [illegible] and his ears work [illegible] and forth. Blind death wai[illegible] and bite and tear and kill!

The scent again [illegible] up, whirls about three or four [illegible] a pivot, and now he points [illegible]. A tapeline fifteen feet long [illegible] ground between us—between [illegible] helpless and he crouches down [illegible]. If those sightless eyes could [illegible] how they would glint and glow!

"Growl! Growl!" [illegible]

There's something in [illegible] sound which chills my blood [illegible] warning of what is to come [illegible] but my eyes and utter a last prayer [illegible]. What delays [illegible]. Ah! the wind has shifted again [illegible] his ungainly reasons against his [illegible]. He has been blind for a [illegible] perhaps. He has never left the [illegible] to move up and down over the [illegible] if he leaves it—if he springs [illegible] fall over a cliff for all he cen [illegible] scent held a moment longer he [illegible] attacked, but now the breeze [illegible] leaves around him are blown [illegible] and seems to argue that his [illegible] was out of his [illegible] Death crept back to his cave [illegible] with mutterings of savage disappointment.

"Well for me that [illegible] was not at home and he did not return until I had managed to drag myself out [illegible] and secure assistance [illegible] the camp. Had there been eyes to [illegible] Death might now be flinging [illegible] and whitened bones about his [illegible] in sportive mood.

Austrian Women.

Ladies of high [illegible] are materially capable, owing to the [illegible] system of education, says a [illegible] to the New York Evening Post. Whatever they may be called upon to do [illegible] a dress to making a salad [illegible] always ready.

Young ladies with [illegible] fortunes are sent to famous milliners and dressmakers, where they serve a regular apprenticeship, and remain until [illegible] cut and make any garment.

An Austrian lady who cannot swim or does not know how to ride well is an exception.

Needle work of every kind, even to the making of lace, is part of every young lady's education. There [illegible] smattering of anything; whether [illegible] the piano, or to draw, she learns [illegible]. If she has no talent at all [illegible] which is seldom, she lets that art [illegible]. Her pedestrian accomplishments [illegible] to shame; her efforts of memory are another source of wonder to us.

The wonderful [illegible] which enables Austrian girls to [illegible] sometimes the whole of "Paradise Lost" or an entire drama, comes from [illegible] began in babyhood.

Every day the girl is expected to learn a poem or a page. She often does it while making her toilet, and [illegible] at least a poem requires but a single reading [illegible] it is stowed away in the memory safely. As linguists they are famous. This, too, comes from learning when very young. As the court language is French, learning it is compulsory. Even servants are expected to speak both French and German.

The burgher's daughter will not condescend to the learning of dressmaking and cooking, which the titled lady can do without its reflecting on her social position. And so the young woman to whom such knowledge would be of practical benefit are inefficient, while all the ladies at the court have at their fingers' ends the power to do anything.

The Austrian lady of station is acquainted with every detail of the cuisine. A story is told by a Viennese lady of another, who, having neglected this branch of her education, allowed, at a great dinner party which she gave, two dishes of the same color to be served in succession [illegible] fault for which no excuse could be made.

Eve was the first person in the newspaper business; at least she was an Ad. solicitor when she wanted the old man to try the apple.

Father—"Dr. McClure seems to be a very intelligent, well-read man." Son—"Nonsense, governor—I talked with him at dinner yesterday and he does not know a thing about baseball."

YOUNG FOLKS

A STRANGE GUARDIAN.

A True Story.

"When we first moved into the country from New York," said Mrs. M——, "we were all as happy as we could be. After the never-ceasing roar of the city, everything seemed deliciously quiet, and the children were quite wild with delight at being able to run about as much as they pleased, without having to get out of the way of a wagon or a street car every minute.

"But we soon found out that this paradise of ours was not without its own troubles, after all. The first two or three days were wet and stormy, and we had to keep all the windows shut; but by-and-by it came out fine and bright again, and we had just thrown everything open, and were enjoying the fresh air and sunshine, when I spied a huge wasp flying around the parlor.

"When I looked again, there were two instead of one; and even while I was watching them, in flew a third through the doorway, and two more had a race for first in at the open window.

"Presently May came in, crying, having been stung on the neck by one of these lively neighbors of ours; and Ben, who had started off on an expedition across the 'boundless prairie' (*i.e.*, the two acre grass meadow at the back of our house) in pursuit of a ferocious tribe of imaginary Indians, came back a little later on in the day with a nose almost as big as his [illegible], and a face not quite so heroic as the 'Terror of the Wild West' ought to have had to be in strict keeping with his character.

"It was plain enough that there must be a wasps' nest somewhere near the house, and it wasn't long before we found it out. But even when we did, we were no better off than before, for our enemies had entrenched themselves in a most formidably strong position right in the hollow of a high bank, which overhung to such a way that we could not get at them with boiling water or anything of that sort. We had heard, of course, about blowing them up with gunpowder, but none of us had the least idea how to set about it, and as for digging up the nest, none of us felt particularly inclined to try *that*. So what was to be done?

"I was just making up my mind to hire a man to blow up the rest of the [illegible], when this domestic tragedy [illegible] suddenly took a new turn.

"'Mother,' cried Ben, rather excitedly, one morning, as he came [illegible] breakfast, 'what do you think? I saw a wild beast last night! [illegible] as [illegible] a wild beast—as just [illegible] expected to meet a panther or a grizzly bear in every field. 'It was sitting [illegible], and looked just like a cat, with a [illegible] bushy tail.'

"I naturally concluded that the monster looked like a cat because it was one, and thought no more about it.

"But the [illegible] Mrs. Ba[illegible] beast came again, and the [illegible] quite plainly myself [illegible] just as he had [illegible] like a cat, [illegible] I thought; and yet when I [illegible] wasn't quite like a [illegible].

"But I had something [illegible] next morning [illegible] breakfast I heard Ben call [illegible] Fourth of July had [illegible] bursting in [illegible].

"'Hurrah [illegible] the wasps [illegible]'

"It seemed [illegible] that it was true [illegible] been dug up [illegible] to have been [illegible] all over the place [illegible] visitors of [illegible] seen.

"There was something [illegible], however [illegible] frightened [illegible] helped us [illegible] to kill my [illegible].

"Never would [illegible] 'we've got rid of the wasps, anyhow.'

"It was [illegible] did it, wasn't it [illegible] taken a great interest in [illegible].

"The [illegible] was [illegible] found, we [illegible] who had [illegible] of our talk [illegible].

"[illegible] be [illegible] 'Well, they say [illegible] I knowed [illegible]."

AN ESSAY ON FLIES.

Some of the Characteristics of the Insect Which Defies Man.

The fly has some [illegible] For instance [illegible] peculiar [illegible] any direction [illegible] without [illegible].

Take eye [illegible] all of them [illegible] with the brain, so that [illegible] other, he will [illegible] and stay [illegible] on account of the [illegible].

When he [illegible] the other [illegible] he does not [illegible] trying [illegible].

The fly [illegible] breathes. He has not [illegible] his lungs are [illegible], but he is [illegible].

Good green tea, [illegible] a dollar [illegible] strong and well sweetened, will kill [illegible] as drinks [illegible]. And they will [illegible] deadly [illegible] will play [illegible]. It is estimated that a pound [illegible] two pounds of [illegible] will [illegible] in two days [illegible].

Flies are [illegible] do not care [illegible] cat it [illegible] needs [illegible].

Careful [illegible] a common house fly will [illegible] twelve [illegible] will produce 20,000 [illegible] and they will develop so rapidly [illegible] two hundred [illegible] twenty-four hours.

Scientists have never been able to tell how a fly walks on the ceiling, or, rather, they have never been able to agree about it. All of them have tried, but no two [illegible] alike in their explanation. Some say the fly has an air pump [illegible] its numerous feet, and that he walks up there by creating a vacuum in his instep and allowing the pressure of the air to sustain him.

Others think he carries a mucilage [illegible] with him and lubricates his hoofs with it, so that he can stay as long as he wants to on any surface, no matter what the attraction of gravity may have to say about it. Between these two schools of thought you may take your choice.

Water and Wind.

The latest news from Germany shows that a definite contract has been made for transmitting power electrically from the falls of the Lauffen to Frankfort on the Main, a distance of 112 miles, for service at the electrical exhibition which is to be opened at that place on June the 15th. At Hartford, Conn., a similar transmission of power is successfully made for a distance of 22 miles for lighting purposes. In several places in both Europe and America, electric power is transmitted distances of five to ten miles.

At Coronado Beach, Cal., a company has invented and successfully applied an apparatus to a section of the surface of the sea, by which its ceaseless motion is converted into electric energy; and this is transmitted through a cable to the point where it is needed for the usual service of an electric current.

Thus not only is the electricity rendering available a multitude of water falls in stream and tide which have hitherto been useless for mechanical purposes, but wind power on every hill top can be gathered in by the blades of the windmill, and thence conveyed to the more accessible plain. It will not be long ere fuel of all kinds may be to a large extent superseded in dwellings, and its uses performed in a better manner by the new household servant—electricity. Thus, possibly, we may be saved from the tyranny of the coal mine and the wood pile, and from their final exhaustion, by the utilization of an exhaustless power which everywhere pervades the universe.